NUMB. XV.

THE PLAIN DEALER.

Neque Cuiquam, ſtatim, tam clarum Ingenium eſt, ut poſſit Emergere, niſi illi, materia, occaſio, fauter etiam, Commendatorque contingat. PLIN. EP.

In tenui Labor, at tenuis non Gloria. —— VIRG.

MONDAY, MAY 11. 1724.

AS I know not a more graceful and amiable Figure under the Heavens, than that, which a *Prudent* and *Indulgent Father*, makes upon all Occaſions with regard to an *Only Son*, who is a hopeful and promiſing young Gentleman; And as I am not able to Frame an Idea, of any Proſpect ſo *Shocking* and *Frightful* to *Human Nature*, as that which preſents a *Mother who can be cruel enough to look with Cold and Indifferent Regard* (not to ſay with an Eye of Averſion) *upon the Children of her own Body, and the Pledges of her Love*; I was reſolving the other Day to form a PLAIN-DEALER out of theſe two different Characters.

METHINKS I would not miſs ranging the *Black Deformities* of One Parent, very near the *Shining Beauties* of the Other; becauſe this Manner of Illuſtration by Oppoſites in Writing, like *Shade* and *Light* in Painting, will make the moſt uſeful and important *Moral* that I know of in Life, appear with redoubled *Vigour* and *Luſtre*, and ſtrike upon the *Eye* of the *Underſtanding* a more forcible *Effect*.

COULD I execute this *Deſign* according to my *Wiſh*; could I make the *Draught* juſt, and give it all the *Lively Touches* and the *warm Colours* it deſerves, it might perhaps be a very valuable *Preſent* and *Inſtructive Family Piece* for the married Part of my *Readers*, and ſome of their Poſterity might, for ought I know, have good Reaſon to thank me for it.

I WAS, according to Cuſtom, opening my Mind upon this intended *Subject* to the worthy Major *Stedfaſt*; and telling him, That I ſhould be agreeably loſt in a Labyrinth of Pleaſure, while I was tracing, in a good Father, the ſecret *Springs* and *Movements* of a Thouſand little Beautiful *Actions*, which would paſs unnoticed and be utterly unheeded by many common Eyes, that are too Incurious and Indelicate on ſuch Nice and Elegant Occaſions.

——HERE I pauſed a while, but was inwardly intending to name ſome very particular Obſervations, that I have made of theſe Critical Workings of a *Spirit* and *Affection* truely *Parentile*; when this conſtant Friend of Mankind changed my Intention to ſpeak into the greater Pleaſure of giving Attention to what he began to ſay in this Manner.

THERE Is, ſaid he, no fear of your loſing your ſelf in that Delightful Part of the Contemplation: But when you come to conſider the *Unnatural Temper* of an *Unkind Mother*, I don't know how difficult a Task it may be, even for all your *Philoſophy* to account for it. You will find your ſelf extreamly puzzled and perplexed, if you deſcend to make an Enquiry, what Monſtrous Turn in the whole Courſe of the Blood, what Prodigies over-ruling the whole Rational and Animal Syſtem, can Eraze from any *Mother's Heart* all thoſe fond *Records* of *Tenderneſs*, which the Hand of Nature muſt have deeply engraven there, in behalf of the *Being* which received its firſt Principle of *Vitality* ſo near it, and its immediate Preſervation from it.

YOU May remember that at your ſetting out, I told you the Expreſſion, which hitt my laſt the beſt of any in your *Firſt* PAPER, was, *That you would look upon your ſelf as every Body's Father*; and I would rather ſee you acting like a Father yourſelf than deſcribing one which ſaid he (giving me into my Hand a Paper) you may in ſome meaſure do, by publiſhing thoſe *Verſes* to the World, which, according to my Opinion of them, want nothing more than their being *Known*, in order to their being *Applauded*.

THE Author of it, is a Young Gentleman, who tho' ſevere Accidents and rigid Fortune have thrown him into the Condition of an *Orphan*, is ſtill likely to prove a *Favourite Son* of the *Muſes*: But a Genius, tho' never ſo promiſing, will not readily make its Way into Eſteem without the Aid of a Recommender or, the Favour and Encouragement of a Patron.

HERE I read over the Copy of *Verſes*, and ſignified my Approbation of them, in very few Words, becauſe I perceived the generous *Temper* of the *Major* inclin'd him to ſpeak further in behalf of *Unfortunate Deſert*; when reſuming the Diſcourſe he proceeded in this Manner.

YOU may gueſs by this little Performance, That thoſe Talents, which were not happy enough to procure their Poſſeſſor a Competency, from *Parents* that liv'd

[Price Two Pence.]

liv'd in Affluence, may, if well Cultivated and Improved, Intitle him to the *Favour* and *Adoption* of ſome great *Perſonage*, who obſerving the *Rules* of a *Noble Impartiality*, with Regard both to *Strangers* and *Acquaintance*, may be generouſly inclined to aſſiſt *Merit* whereſoever he finds it. It would really be a Pity that a Perſon, who has demonſtrated, That he has a *Capacity*, were it ſupported with due *Encouragement*, to entertain the *World*, ſhould not meet with any *Friendly Encourager* and *Patron* in it, to give him a little *Taſte* of its *Enjoyments*. Whoever may be meant by *HORATIUS*, if he makes as Handſome a *Figure* in his Reception of the *Poet*, as he does in the *Poet's Deſcription*, he will fall but little ſhort of being a *Mecænas*; and you will have the Satisfaction of knowing, That you put the *Meritorious* in the Way of meeting a *Reward*, and adminiſter an *Opportunity* the moſt Grateful (that can be) to a Perſon of a *Mind* truly *Great*, an *Opportunity* of doing a Worthy and a Graceful *Action*.

HERE a poor Gentleman interrupted us, who begg'd the *Major's* Help for a *Diſtreſſed Friend*, and left me no *Room* to make a *Reply* by Word of Mouth: But the beſt *Anſwer* I could ſince make him, was to repeat in this manner what I ſaid, and to publiſh the following *LINES* inſtead of the *ESSAY* I intended:

To a Young Gentleman, a *Painter*, Adviſing him to draw a Certain *Noble* and *Illuſtrious Perſon*, occaſioned by ſeeing his *Picture* of the *Celebrated CLIO*.

By Mr. SAVAGE.

FORGIVE an Artleſs, an Officious Friend,
Weak, when I Judge, but willing to Commend;
Fall'n as I am, by no kind Fortune *rais'd,*
Depreſs'd, Obſcur'd, Unpitied, and Unprais'd,
Yet, when theſe well-known Features I peruſe,
Some Warmth awakes, —— Some Embers of a Muſe.

YE Muſes, Graces, *and ye* Loves *appear!*
Your Queen, your VENUS, and your CLIO's *here!*
In ſuch pure Fires her Riſing Thoughts refine!
Her Eyes with ſuch Commanding Sweetneſs ſhine!
Sure ſuch bright Tinctures through yon Æther glow,
Stain Summer Clouds, or gild the Watry Bow:
If Life PIGMALION's *Iv'ry Fav'rite fir'd,*
Sure ſome Enamour'd God *this Draught inſpir'd!*
Or, if you raſhly caught PROMETHEAN *Flame,*
Shade the ſweet Theft, and mar the Beauteous Frame!
Yet if thoſe Clearing Lights the Proſpect *fly,*
Ah! — Let no pleaſing View the Loſs *ſupply.*
Some dreary Den, *ſome deſart* Waſte *prepare,*
Wild as my Thoughts, *or dark as my* Deſpair.

BUT ſtill, my Friend, ſtill the ſweet Object *ſtays*
Still ſtream your Colours Rich with CLIO's *Rays!*
Sure at each kindling Touch your Canvaſs glows!
Sure the full Form, Inſtinct with Spirit, grows!
Let the dull Artiſt puzzling Rules explore,
Dwell on the Face, and gaze the Features o'er;
You eye the Soul —— there genuine Nature find,
You, thro' the Meaning Muſcles, ſtrike the Mind.

NOR can one View ſuch boundleſs Pow'r confine,
All Nature opens to an Art *like thine!*
Now Rural Scenes in ſimple Grandeur riſe!
Vales, Hills, Lawns, Lakes, and Vineyards feaſt our Eyes!
Now Halcyon Peace *a ſmiling Aſpect wears!*
Now the Red Scene *with* War *and* Ruin *glares!*
Here Britain's *Fleets o'er* Europe's *Seas preſide!*
There Long-loſt Cities *rear their Ancient Pride!*
You from the Grave *can half redeem the Slain,*
And bid Great JULIUS *charm the* World *again:*
Mark out Pharſalia's, *mark out* Munda's *Fray,*
And image all the Honours of the Day.

BUT if new Glories moſt our Warmth excite,
If Toils untried to nobleſt Aims invite;
Wou'd you in Envied Pomp unrival'd reign,
Oh, let HORATIUS *grace the Canvaſs Plain!*
His Form *might ev'n* Idolatry *create,*
In Lineage, Titles, Wealth, *and* Worth Elate!
Empires *to him might* Virgin Honours *owe,*
From him Arts, Arms, *and* Laws *new Influence know.*
For him kind Suns on Fruits and Grain ſhall ſhine,
And future Gold lie rip'ning in the Mine:
For him Fine Marble in the Quarry lies,
Which, in due Statues, *to his* Fame *ſhall riſe.*
Thro' thoſe bright Features CÆSAR's *Spirit trace,*
Each conq'ring Sweetneſs, each imperial Grace,
All that is ſoft, or eminently great,
In Love, *in* War, *in* Knowledge, *or in* State.

THUS ſhall your Colours, *like his* Worth, *amaze!*
Thus ſhall you Charm, *enrich'd with* CLIO's *Praiſe!*
Clear, and more clear, your Golden Genius ſhines;
While my dim Lamp *of* Life *Obſcure declines:*
Dull'd in damp Shades it waſtes, unſeen, away,
While yours, Triumphant, grows one Blaze of Day!

ADVERTISEMENTS.

An *Abſtract* of the *PUBLICK DEBTS* remaining Due at *Michaelmas*, 1722. And an Eſtimate of the Annual Sinking Fund towards the Diſcharge of the ſame; made from the Accounts thereof delivered into *Parliament*. And alſo a Computation in what Time the ſaid *Publick Debts* may be Diſcharged by the ſaid *Sinking Fund*. With a Method propoſed for the more Clear Stating of the ſaid *Publick Debts* and *Sinking Fund* in Accounts hereafter to be deliver'd into *Parliament*. And a Propoſal for putting an End to all *Particular Appropriations*, and turning the *whole Revenue* into *One General Fund*. And likewiſe ſome *Remarks* and *Hints* offer'd to the Conſideration of the Gentlemen of the *Houſe of Commons*, for the Improvement of the *Revenue*, by *Good Husbandry*, and otherwiſe; and relating to ſome other Matters of *Publick Utility*. By ARCHIBALD HUTCHESON, of the *Middle-Temple*, *London*, Eſq; and Member of Parliament for *Haſting* in the County of *Suſſex*. Where may be had, Written by the ſame Author.

I. A Collection of Advertiſements, Letters and Papers, and ſome other Facts relating to the late Elections at *Weſtminſter* and *Haſting*. The Second Edition.

II. Copies of ſome Letters from Mr. *Hutcheſon*, to the late Earl of *Sunderland*. And an Introduction to the ſame. The Third Edition.

III. Some *PARAGRAPHS* of Mr. *Hutcheſon's* Treatiſes on the *South-Sea* Subject; which relate to the Relief of the Unhappy *Traders* in *South-Sea Stock*, and to *Publick Credit*. And the Reaſon of his Reprinting of Them at this Time.

IV. An Abſtract of an Account Stated by ſome of the Clerks at the *South-Sea Houſe*, relating to the Eſtates of the Late Directors; ſhewing what will be coming to the Company from thoſe Eſtates, with and without a *Mulct*. And ſome *Remarks*, ſhewing the *Miſtakes* in that *Account*. And ſome *Reaſons* offer'd to the Conſideration of the Gentlemen of the *Houſe of Commons*, and the Proprietors of *South-Sea Stock*, for the putting a more Speedy End to the *Truſt*, in the Way of a *Mulct*. All printed for *J. Roberts*, at the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*.

Printed for *J. Roberts*, in *Warwick-Lane*. Where *Letters* and *Advertiſements* are taken in.